## Avoid summer complaints. Take JOHANN HOFF'S

EXTRACT

with meals and on retiring.

INSIST upon JOHANN HOFF'S and you ill not be imposed upon. No substitute is "just as good."
EISNER & MENDELSON CO. of New York, Sole Agents.

THE STORY TELLERS.

### The Englishman Who Capped All Stories Save One.

From the New York Tribune. "The Lord save me from an Englishman who has done things or says he has," said a western man at the Waldorf-Astoria recently. "Such a one will spotl any party and throw gloom on any gathering he happens to be in. An Englishman of this type was once a visitor in my town and at the club he became an unmitigated nuisance. No matter what story was told, the Britisher invariably went the narrator one better. For example, one man told of a big faro game he had seen at Cheyenne in those never-to-be-forgotten days when cattle sold at \$75 a head and every one in the cattle country simply reeked with wealth. It was a good story, but as soon as it was finished the Englishman rang in one of an

of flat champagne. "Then an ex-army officer told of a com-pany of infantry at Gettysburg that had been sent to capture a certain hill. They didn't secure it, but 75 per cent of the company lay dead or wounded on that bloody hillside before the boys in blue could be driven back.

experience he had had at Monte Carlo that

made the Chevenne tale seem like a bottle

'The Englishman capped that with an experience of his in India. Out of a com-pany of 76 Sikhs that he commanded only two escaped-himself and another. her shot so full of holes that he looked like a nutmeg grater.

"When the refreshments made necessary by this last anecdote had been imbibed another man so forgot himself as to relate an experience he had had while hunting bears. The Englishman chimed in at once with a legend of a bear hunt of his own. He had only six shots in his magazine rifle and was attacked by four adult and two cub bears. After an exhibition of fancy shooting that must have made the performances of Wild Bill' or Billy the Kid look amateurish the last bear fell, shot through the heart, only six feet from where the doughty Englishman stood.

"The silence that followed the relation of this Munchausen positively hurt, but when it was at length broken the fate that Englishman had so long been tempting was

That experience, said the soft voice of a six-foot mining man, who had been silent, reminds me of a similar one I myself once had. I was after antelope and had chased pair of them all the afternoon. finally came to a canyon and made for it. Just as they got to its entrance I shot twice at them, missing both times. I didn't fire again, for the reason that those two shots were all that I had in my magazine riffe. Nothing daunted, I spurred my weary mount forward and soon found myself with in the shadows of the canyon, which rose precipitously. With the idea of resting my norse I dismounted and that wretched broncho took prompt advantage of my kind-ness by jerking the reins from my hand and making a bolt of it. Looking around for the cause I saw a grizzly at least nine feet high rushing toward me with open I can tell you I legged it up that anyon and a busy brain accompanied me. then a rock came into view, and, utterly splurge gave fast suppers to each other.

Here the miner came to a full stop, and the deeply interested Englishman leaned breathlessly forward. 'What' he county 'What,' he queried, what did the bear do, my dear fellow? Why, returned the other, without batting an eyelash, 'he ate me up, of course,

## IN THE REFERENCE ROOM.

## Queer Characters, With Odd Tasks. Who Haunt the Public Library.

In the reference room of the Chicago Public Library a student of physiognomy has a good opportunity to study character. Here every day are assembled persons to all walks of life. The broken-down business man, the writer, the inventor, the theologleal student, the college professor and the inevitable "hobo" form the largest number of readers who frequent the place.

"Do you see that gray-haired fellow over there?" said a library attendant, pointing to an old man who was writing laboriously at one of the tables. "Well, he is writing a history of the civil war. He has been working on it for over a year, and has only got to the battle of Fair Oaks. By the time he gets to the siege of Vicksburg. I fear, his nanuscript will have grown a beard.

"That man at the next table is an inentor; at least he says he is. I am told that he has haunted the reference room regularly every day for twenty years. He never fails to get here early every morning, and is one of the last to leave at night. We never see him go out at noon or at sup-If he eats we never caught him at it. You know one of the prerequisites of a first-class inventor is that he must forego eating and sleeping-a la Edison. "That spry young man over there is a writer such as Washington Irving describes in his 'Sketch Book' on broom-making. He

is employed by some publishing firm to make selections from the works of gre writers. These are afterward published in book form under such titles as 'Gleani From Best-known Authors,' etc. Great

But the genealogical flend! Have pity upon him. He might be a good fellow. The less said about the searcher of family records the better.

up her family crest. She found it, but didn't like the design. On the opposite page was a beautiful one, belonging to another family. She looked long and lovingly

"'But it isn't the crest of your family," protested the friend.

"That doesn't make any difference," was the answer. "This one is the prettiest."
"What does she do but whip out some tracing paper and copy it. This she after-ward had engraved on her stationery. We certainly see some queer things up here in the reference room."

"Isn't she a queenly girl?" exclaimed the doctor, looking after the beautiful maiden as she swept gracefully along the street. "And how devilishly pretty!" added the professor.—Chicago Tribune.

## Asthma and Hay Fever him! Cured.

The truly marvelous cures of Asthma which are being effected by Dr. Schiffmann's Asthma Cure certainly call for notice. Rev. G. L. Taylor of Washburn, Ill., says: "Some 7 years and my wife used several packages

of your Asthma Cure, which resulted in a perma-A Hay Fever sufferer writes; "I have been a sufferer from Hay Fever for over 20 years, and it seemed harder every year. The first night I used your Asthma Cure I was greatly relieved. It cured my cough after using a few times. I shall recom-

mend it to all sofferers of Hay Fever." Mrs. Martha Simerson, Laingsburg, Mich.
Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. Send 2c.
stamp to Dr R. Schiffmann, Box 895, St. Paul, Minu., for a free trial package,



BOOKMAKERS ADMITTED TO SOCIETY.

Sporty Life of a French Seaside Resort.

THE WHEAT AND TARES

WAITERS AND THE WAITED-UPON DOWN FROM PARIS.

Quiet Ways of Some of the Wealthiest -Seeing the Fun Comes High for Americans.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. TROUVILLE, Normandy, August 25, 1902.

Tod Sloan at Trouville! It is a change for the jockey-and for Trouville-Deauville. At home and in England social recognition comes but coyly to the jockey; here the young man finds himself in what must seem an earthly para-

Lost in one corner of his monumental seventy-horse power Panhard automobile. frowning with tough dignity, Tod Sloan threads his way through a crowd of dukes and counts and duchesses and countesses, the noblest names of France, according here and there a careless nod to a Valencay or a Rethschild.

Trouville-Deauville, with its peasantfisher population, must find it a change, too. Not so many years ago aristocratic Deauville dwelt apart from the world in its staid villas, while the younger fashionables, from the Trouville hotels, repaid Deauville calls three times and lost three times—which in tranquil family style, indulged in almost brought him out square. To come out I couldn't shoot the grizzly, for my last in tranquil family style, indulged in almost shot had been fired at the antelope. Just family baccarat, went bathing, and for a

Now the wheat and the tares grow to-gether, the sheep and the goats gambol side by side. The youthful generation of French aristocracy hobnobs with jockeys,

much for each dish and bottle as do the Americans who pay a little fortune weekto live in the great hotels of Trouville in the season watch the mixed life philosophi-cally. Mr. Thomas Walsh of Denver and his charming wife give dinner parties. Mr. Jordan Lambert of St. Louis takes his young and interesting family to the races. Col. Thomas Ochiltree and Mr. Harrington Power keep themselves cool with iced drinks. Young Bradley Martin, a tremendous swell, keeps the roads hot with his new automobile. W. K. Vanderbilt, sr., takes his ease in another. Mrs. Arthur Paget changes automobiles. So each day one hears new names and sees new faces from our own side of the water.

Act Like Other Folks.

Here the great ones of the earth are seen to act like very common mortals. We observe and compare with idle pleasure the ways of two august beings whose names are true household words. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild stays at our hotel. He invariably comes to it each season. He is quiet and slim, with white side whiskers. He is very good and lives with great simplicity, his chief occupation being to take a small dog hygicnic promenades along the sands. Thus occupied he shows great pa-tience, stopping when the little dog desires to stop. The baronne dresses very quietly and spends her time reading. When the baron comes out on the hotel balcony to adjust his awning there is a long buzz of

No one buzzes when Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, sr., adjusts his awning with his own hands. hands. Except when he spurts with his Mercedes automobile, he lives with such modesty that no one knows him. He owns a great Paris racing stable, and has had great bad luck with it. Most of his best horses are sick and his trainers grumpy. All the sad responsibility of giving orders in the matter of the Fair catastrophe fell on him, as his son and daughter-in-law (formerly Miss Virginia Fair) had sailed for America only one day previously to the accident. The great Vanderbilt does not

dozen 1,000-frane bank notes at the baccarat game of the "Union." I think be won square is, after all, the great thing at this uncertain game-which does not always give one "action" for his money. All the talk here is of "differences." Now that the war is over, Englishmen of fortune are seen again at French baccarat; and just bookmakers, cafe-concert singers and "adventuresses," and finds this queer mixing up the latest chic. If you had seen Tod given—lost four times calling "Banco!" Sloan last Sunday afternoon you would each time losing 20,000 francs (\$4,000). At



NOON ON A SUNNY DAY.

have an idea of the prestige enjoyed among them by a young man who at home, among Americans of corresponding class, makes himself small and modest.

the gambling tables life is mixed, though in a way exclusive. To be explicit, it is composed of three circles. (1) The highest, where the fluttering ladles who smile on

to the race track, where the greatest throng of fashionables of the season had assembled for the Grand Prix. Therefore Sioan dashed into the inclosure like a whirlwind, grazing other automobiles and whirlwind, grazing other automobiles and the danger of their lives, deto the race track, where the greatest throng of fashionables of the season had drew up, snorting like a fiend, with high theatrical effect. "That's Sloan!" the fashionable ladies

"That's Sloan!" the fashionable men re

peated. They were proud to be seen with This is Trouville—sporty Paris-by-the-Sca. It is the life of betting, racing, autonobiling, restaurant-supping, extravagantdressing and women-worshiping transported bodily from Paris, with its feverish nights and idle days. Hungarian bands, the curse of Paris restaurants, announce the fact with crashes of wild rag-time mel-ody. The cafe waiters are the same one knows in Paris. So are the program sellers, and the beggars, the touts and tipsters. And those who like to look on all this as spectators from the supper tables of Max-im's establishment in Paris here find a new Maxim's waiting for them and their money, filled with women, music and hilarity. The place gives directly on the gambling "club" to one side and the behind-the-scenes of a cafe-concert on the other—so that there lacks nothing. It is a great mix-up, but Americans and other strangers enjoy one distinction—just as at Maxim's place in Paris, they pay twice or three times as Maxim's waiting for them and their money

himself small and modest.

He had just come into possession of his new the winners are like fair young duchesses— 70-horse power devit-engine. His best op-portunity to show it off would be to take it hands. The newest, fairest and most talked beautiful women and the most aristocratic names; while among the first named you find trainers, generals, jockeys, actors, sons of rich business men and ladies' favorites who have no fortune.

The Middle Class.

The middle circle (2) has a club room of its own. Here enter minor swells and men of honor who will not play high, and all those who, while still deserving, cannot justify their right to hobnob with the descendants of Crusaders and Tod Sloan. For a gentleman and tourist the test of the highest circle is his membership in some well-known club of Paris, London or New York or other great city; wherefore, it is called the "Union"-of clubs. Actors, trainers, jockeys and all demimondaines are admitted to it temporarily, as individual attrac-

from the Casino. Here the very stable boys, washed up, lose their week's wages and the trippers who come down from Paris find a means of making their trip cost them all they had saved on their reduced railway

It is about noon. The sea is gray-green swelling lazily. The clouds are low, gray and almost black. Far away are tiny white sails, which disappear. There is no noise in Trouville. No one is stirring. Every one is sleeping. It is raining.

The beefsteaks are wet in the dining tent of the Hytel de Paris. In the American

of the Hotel de Paris. In the American bar there loll listless sporting young men, studying race programs.

Or it is noon on a day of sunshine. The sky is the palest blue and the waves purple, shimmering with green and gold red. The sea swells still more lazily. Far away are lots of white sails that would pass in the night except that it is noon. the night-except that it is noon. And no one stirs. Every one is sleeping except, on the links, a dozen or more golf fanatics who do not belong to the true Trouville.

Every one is sleeping, just as if it were a day of rain and clouds. Do not expect to see more than one fair Parisienne at a time take her morning dip in the ocean. Here and there, rolled far out the slow-dipping beach, you may observe a solitary bathing wagon—a bath house on wheels. The bather will be some fair young enthusiast of hy-giene, as like as not with her husband or her cavaliere servente.

It is the popular belief in Paris that the Trouville sands are something like the annual salons for flesh-tints and the shapely female form. It is an error. Here lovely woman does not sprawl promiscuously on the sands. She values herself far too

## In Three Parts.

Again the Trouville beach, the finest on the coast, is getting to be almost a mile deep at low tide. Far out in the blistering waste of sand the "ladies only" roped-off bathing space is practically inaccessible to the eye of man. The "men's only" is but poorly patronized. While the "mixed" bathing space—according to the swell opinion—is a kind of plague spot of contagion because of the presence of cheap trippers.

To hear them sneer you might imagine poverty contagions.

The true reason why we go so little in the

ocean is that we are sleeping in the morning, while our afternoons are taken up with betting on slow horses, scorching in our own or other people's automobiles and exhibiting our knowledge of biography by swapping stories about celebrated person-ages. For example, if all the talk about the Fair automobile tragedy, the Fair-Vanderbilt family history and its branching out in Parisian anecdote could have been taken down in shorthand it would fill a thousand volumes. Another gossip subject comes to us from England, quite exclusive. If there be truth in it a fair young American girl came close to honorable marriage with the Crown Prince of Germany. This is Miss Gladys Deacon, daughter of the Mr. Deacon who shot and killed Abeille, the Paris clubman a few years ago because of his attenlons to his wife, this young girl's mother. Miss Gladys Deacon has for some time been the loving protege of Consuelo Vanderbilt, Duchess of Marlborough. At Blenheim, therefore, the young crown prince met Miss therefore, the young grown prince met Miss Gladys, fell in love, gave her a ring and swore to renounce his claim to the imperial purple for her sake. As the story has it, there almost diplomatic incidents, and all is not yet over.

This is one of the peculiar marks of present-day Trouville—the international gossip, French, American and English, current in all circles. From the highest duch-ess to the lowest jockey, one and all have interests and relations in at least two of these countries. Who is that fine girl on the links? Why, it is the Duchesse de Valencay. And who is the dignified little brunette entering that swell villa? Why, it is the Countess de Castellane! And what is that vision of loveliness on horseback? Why, it is the Marquise de Bretouil! And so on. One might just as well have said Miss Morton, Miss Gould and Miss

#### In His Own Auto. And whose is this little knob of a head

blinking over the steering wheel of a seventy horse power automobile monster? Why, it is Tod Sloane going to take one of his aristocratic pals out for a spin at seventy seem over happy. He walks a great deal alone—without a little dog—and reads the miles an hour. One of these days they will up to Paris for lunch and then automobiled back to Trouville for his dinner! The young Vanderbilt-a handsome boy, and different from the typical French automobile tough-has for his proudest memory, now that he is back home, that the week before he sailed he broke an automobile ord on French highways. As long as the French government will stand it no one blames these young men for scorching-though they risk not only their necks, but the neeks of average folks, to whom the compensating joys of automobile scorching are unknown. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that the fine sporting practice will not

become an American diversion. Here it is a new thing. And here, as among the Athenians in the time of the late Paul, they seek the new thing ever. For example, there is here at Trouville, living in high style, a lightly conducted damsel with a mass of golden hair, fresh flesh tints, a firm figure, splendid teeth and diamonds and great ropes of pearls that must have cost some people dear. She has, besides, a big live beetle from some place in South America. It is a healthy, active beetle, taking interest in life, knowing its

name and responding to it.

The blonde takes her beetle with her always, with a golden band around its belly and a microscopically slender golden chain to keep it near home-which is the blonde's sumptuous corsage. And every one is talking about the bug!

The other afternoon three grandes dames, of whom one was a princess and two mar-quises, begged a man who knew the blonde to please introduce them—for the bug's sake! STERLING HEILIG.

## MILITARY MASS AT SEA.

One of the Most Impressive Ceremonies on Board Ship. From the Brooklyn Eagle.

By long odds the most impressive of the ceremonies that occur on ship board is the military mass on Sunday. Nothing less than a full cathedral service compares with it, and, although it is primarily for Catholics, yet the attendance is of all soris, sailors, officers and casuals. The afterhatch on the gun deck is cleared and an altar erected there with various of the fitments pertain-

A large American flag partitions off the space behind it, and also conceals the band that is the organ in this function, accompanying the priest in the intonations and playing during the offertory. The priest is in full canonicals and is a wonderful spot of color as he kneels under the opening where the light falls. Before the hatch, forming three sides of a square, are the marines, standing silently, their lines swaying to the roll of the ship, like trees bending together in the wind. They are in full uniform with fixed bayonets and are at atten-

sailor in white is altar boy and the choir, on the front seats in the audience, consists in this instance of newspaper men, the least terrible in a collection of voices that would not be accepted by Mr. Grau. At the elevation of the host the drums give a ruffle and the marines present arms, the flag advanced, while all in front bow. And at the end, after a short and practical sermon by the chaplain, the band plays "America" and all join in the singing of it. It is to be noted that in this service the hymns are not those of the Roman Church, but are such things as "Abide With Me,"
"ock of Ages," "Nearer, My od, to Thee,"
and "Coronation," since these are better
known to the majority who sing them
than are the masses.

### Smallpox Carried by Lumber. From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Dr. F. J. Wilkie, health officer of Oshkosh, Wis., expresses the belief that most of the smallpox cases in the cities of central and southern Wisconsin, and perhaps Chicago, have been the result, not of actual contact with infected persons or clothing, but of infection from germ-laden lumber brought down from the woods of northern Wisconsin and Michigan. He bases his belief on his experience of the last year in fighting the disease in Oshkosh. In practingning the disease in Oshkosh. In practically every case the first one in a family to be affected, he says, was the father, and he invariably was employed in a sash and door or furniture factory. Dr. Wilkle maintains that lumber, being rough and porous, easily serves as a vehicle for contagious germs, and that thus disease is conveyed from the camps where lumber is sawed up or handled.

Wonderful Exodus Every Morning for the Deep Sea.

TEN THOUSAND ANGLER

LEAVE NEW YORK EACH DAY TO FISH IN SALT WATER.

Regular Steamers Built for the Purpose That Carry Several Thousand on Each Trip.

Written for The Evening Star. New York is unique among the cities of the world for the wonderful number of arglers who go out daily to fish in the sea purely for sport.

It is impossible to make any estimate of their numbers that shall be more than fairly exact, for they go out in every kind of marine vehicle from handsome, espec'ally built and equipped double-deck side-wheelers to glaringly inadequate scows, that are but doubtful improvements over the primitive dugout.

Several thousand go out daily in the regular fishing banks steamers. The railroads that run to the various fishing stations on Staten Island, Sandy Hook and the Highlands, the Long Island sound, and the great bays on the south shore of Long Island. carry 10,000 anglers every day in the season, according to a moderate estimate made for this article by the traffic manager of one of the lines. In the "rush days," either when there is a holiday in the good fishing season, or when there happens to be an unusual run of flounders, weak fish or porgies the number is more than trebled. In such favorite waters as Jamaica bay, which lies partly in the boundaries of the city, it is a common matter to count as many as a hundred boats filled with anglers within view from any of the favorite boat-

In the early spring and again in the

bite, many of the railroads send out "floun-der trains" early in the morning for the

sole accommodation of anglers. They are

To the salt water angler the season is all he year. There never has been a snow

storm so fierce that search would not have

disclosed some hopeful spirits casting the

ecord that during the famous blizzard of

line into the sea off New York It is of

88 an amateur angler of parts caught

That angler is dead now-driven to his

grave, it is said, by the jeers with which

his simple tale was received whenever he

A Perpetual Season.

If the season ever may be said to be

dead, it is dead from the beginning of De-

cember to the last week in February. Dur-

ng that time only the hardy ones go forth.

Clad in oliskins and boots, they shiver off

shoals and far off shore for miles down the

the Coney Island beach, over the Rockaway

New Jersey coast, angling for the useful

Washington's birthday is the opening of the real season. Then the fleets go forth to seek the spring run of cod and ling and

hake. The trains roll out loaded with men

mean that it is not eligible as a receptacle

for as many anglers as can crowd into it.

The number of flounder fishermen that

crowd into any particular boat when the rush is on is estimated simply and beauti-

fully on the basis of the room in it. Ab-stract questions of buoyancy and sea-

worthiness do not enter the problem ex-

cept occasionally, when a fault-finding cur-mudgeon happens to be of the party.

Why several hundred do not drown each week is past finding out. New York's salt

water angler, as a class, is too deeply oc-cupied with speculations as to catching

fish to devote much time or attention to the means; and he goes forth, with su-preme unconsciousness of danger, in craft

whose condition would make an old sailor

shudder if he saw them essay to cross a

duck pond in a flat calm. Sloops whose every timber bear convincing testimony to

their having been launched from Ararat before the water subsided; tugs that roll guards under in the wash from a ferry-

boat; launches that toss as erratically as

an empty barrel; rowboats whose lines are

appallingly and prophetically coffin-like-all go out filled with trustful persons with

fishrods, and to prove that truth is strang-er than fiction, they always return. There

has been only one really great accident to fishing parties in New York waters in many

A Mighty Fleet.

There are at least 200 sloops and schoon-

rs around New York that are devoted ex-

clusively to taking out fishing parties. The

demand for them is so great that after May

it often is impossible to hire them except

for a date far in the future. They are

Their owners generally sail them, and provide bait and sometimes tackle. These men know the best grounds from long ex-

perience. They know the waters so thor-oughly that they can drop anchor in the right spots even in fog. They are among

the best sailors on the coast and they rare-

The fishing parties that go out in these

boats or in the many tugs or other craft that are chartered daily are surprisingly

mixed. Rich men and poor men fish shoul-der to shoulder. They drink from the same

tell about it afterward in the same way.

Next to the sloops and schooners, the fa-

vorite vessel for private parties is the tug-boat. There is an elaborate fiction that

only sea-going tugs may go outside of the harbor. The anglers are not narrow-mind-

tug is primitive. If it steams top-side up

A noble and imposing craft that is im-pressed in the service of oceanic sport is the steam lighter. The owners of these craft have discovered that they can turn

craft have discovered that they can turn an honest penny with them on Sundays and holidays when they cannot be used for their regular work. So many of them may be seen in the great fleet that steams, sails, rows, paddles and wabbles out to the fishing grounds in the early morning.

The best fun of all is on the fishing banks beats that go out dally with the regularity of any other passenger years.

ed men. Their conception of a sea

kept busy until well into October.

ly have an accident.

they are content.

the tugboat Nichols off Sandy Hook.

This exception was the capsizing of

vears.

ut not brilliant codfish and ling.

who aim to capture the flounders.

offered it for consumption.

crowded to the guards every time.

SCENE ON A FISHING BANKS BOAT.

autumn, when the flat flounder begins to ish smile fixed immovably on a face whose

neerful misery would soften a stone image

of Baal. Deaf to friendly advice, he stays on deck. He even succeeds in jointing his

rod and rigging line. Then he waits, a

Now the rolling of a slde-wheeler is not

o bad, even in a seaway, when it is in mo-

swell begins to work its worst. That, and the hideous occupation of balting hooks,

that is going on all around him, gives the

seasick brother his final blow. The climax

comes suddenly, terribly-always unexpected equally by him and his neighbors, who

again right over their shoulders they will

have to get sick, too. Persons too far away

to be inconvenienced shout with Viking

laughter, and warn him that he is spoiling

the fishing by chumming the wrong way. That is a venerable old one. Its birth has been traced back to the first seasickness on

complain indignantly that if he does that

But when it is anchored the ground

picture of Death in the Revels.

always two or three, and when the season is especially good there sometimes are as many as six or seven, all making scheduled

They are closely watched by the steamboat inspectors and their management is excel-lent. Once upon a time it wasn't. Then the fishing banks boats were places where a man might get fish, but surely could get fight. He could always get the fight, even if he couldn't get the fish; but he could only rarely get the fish without a fight Sometimes an angler would happen to catch another in the nose or the eye with his hook. When a man hooked a fish he had to hustle to get him aboard before some less skillful, but more resourceful, fisherman got hold of the line and confiscated the prize As the anglers always sat as closely gether as they could crowd, few fish could be landed without bringing in with them a snarl of other lines. Then there would be clamor, for each man whose line was in that snarl demanded that he be permitted

that the fish was not on his hook. If the snarl was involved, it would not be long before the feeble patience of some large and husky disciple of the gentle art would crack audibly. He would then fall upon the tangle and rip it with his knife, royally regardless of the fate of any line except his own. Sometimes the large angler would not be large enough. In such distressing circumstances his subsequent career would be all over the deck with from one to a dozen aggrieved fellow sportsmen working hard with fists and feet to convince him that the best way to untie a knot is not to cut it—on the fishing banks.

## Sea Anglers of Today.

The passengers on the fishing banks boats of today are better men. They long only to fish. They use rods, which is something that was viewed loudly and pointedly as inmanly weakness in the old days. They still have their little fads. They race for the best places, and the old-timer who happens to be euchred out of his favorite spot is gloomy for the rest of the day. They will occasionally heave a sinker against their fellow man's head. But they will also apologize, which is a startling improvement over once upon a time. They love to make They bait the seasick brother unmercifully But on the whole they are a fine, good tempered, sturdy and delightfully jolly crew. The seasick angler is always among those present. No ocean can be too calm for him to be overtaken by his manifest destiny. Some of him get seasick even before the lower harbor has been traversed. There is ample saloon accommodation on the boats for him, but true to the natural history of his kind, the seasick man would die rather han to admit that he needs retirement. He sits and gurgles, with a patient, green

KOCH THEORY CORRECT.

Experience Has Proven That Con-

sumption Is Curable. While the entire medical and scientific world is still discussing the wonderful discoveries of Prof. Koch of Germany, it has been repeatedly proven that his "Tuberculine," which kills the germs of consumption, will positively care that terrible disease when inhaled, in combination with southing, healing olly vapors, directly into the air pipes and

Thousands of physicians all over the world inlorse Prof. Koch's discoveries, which mark a revolution in the method of treating lung diseases. It has been demonstrated that the old way of treating consumption by taking medicine into the stomsch has utterly failed. As a matter of fact, o assure himself by minute examination this method never cured a single case of actual

onsumption. Hundreds of former sufferers from consumption, sthma, bronchitis and catarrh, many of them residing in Washington and vicinity, have been permanently cured by this common sense method of applying the remedy to the very sent of the disease. Call and examine testimonials of these cured patients.

Dr. Edward Koch's wonderful inhalation apparatus, by means of which this treatment is given, is now in successful operation in practically all the large cities. The Washington office is at 730 11th street northwest, where consultation, careful examination and a trial treatment are given absolutely free. Dr. Koch himself personally visits all his offices in consultation, and an appointment can be made, if desired, to see him personally. It

of the Nile. But it is such a strong joke that It is as good as ever However, the seasick brother is bundled out of the way as soon as it is reasonably safe to approach him. By that time the sides of the steamer are spiny with rods of every description from the real wood one for a dollar to the fifty-dollar split bamboo. There are tiny water spouls all around the craft as from infantry fire. Those are the sinkers plunging into the depths. On the fishing banks a line must, get to the bottom quick and stay there.

If it drifts, it will foul other lines. So
the sinkers weigh from one-quarter to onehalf pound each. The rods must be stiff enough to carry this weight, and also more pounds clear of the water and up to the deck. There is little opportunity for the use of even a gaff hook.

### "Got One!"

If the "spot" is good, it will not be long before some one begins to reel in swiftly with a painful expression of indifference, carefully made prominent all over his face, "Got one!" shout all within sight. There is eager scrutiny of the surface to catch the first glimpse of t. "Sea bass!" quick man. "No; it's a blackfish," quick man. "No; it's a blackfish, another. The lucky angler says i With a mighty effort he holsts high into the air, over the rail a into his neighbor's eye. That par hands the quarry over politely and his face, without allowing the tris sode to distract his anxious attent his own line. The next fish is a tawny and big-eyed, with his bluish-black mouth wide open and his handsome fins sticking out in all directions. Now ail kinds of fish are flopping in on both sides, A sharp resounding slapping of the tells of a fluke, the great predaccou mer flounder. He is a big one, weighing at least seven pounds. He has the hook deep in his throat and his captor raves as he tries to get it out without mangling his fingers between the sharp t More men than he are raving.

son has come into hateful prominence hooking a huge dogfish. The blundering first cousin to the shark has swam swiftly and powerfully along the side and a score of lines are trailing behind him all tangled around and around his brown body and tangling worse as he rolls over in his struggles. And the fish biting every-

The unlucky neighbors of the dog fisherman heave and haul and beg him to harry. up and roar at him to haul in They discuss him with freedom, untempered by the remotest desire to spare even his hollest feelings. At last, driven ntic by the sight nboard all around them, the unwill and all pounce desperately on the cannot disentangle one common smart. The end usually is that the knives come out and each man cuts away as much as p

But if the fish are not biting! deep voice somewhere booms out sadd ly: "Move the boat!" A chorus repeats antiquity. That cry was raised on the first fishing banks boat that over went forth from New York before the It has never changed. No fishing banks captain has ever been daring chough

The big anchor chain begins to wind inboard. The anglers reel up and open their baskets. Peace and contenument resume their away under the golden magic of expectation of what the next spot to produce.

JULIUS W. MULLER.

Mistress-"Well. Jane, did you find the ore ament for my hair yet" Jane-"Yes, ma'am; but I've mislaid your hair, and now I can't find that."- Chicago the first fishing expedition out of the mouth News.

# Brains Rule This World

\*

Not muscle, but brains governing muscle.

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